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November 11th

Anonymous

My limbs extend
Beyond the soil
And break
Upon your distant look;
Lightning that strikes
In scattered thought.
Wounds that bleed and
Stain
Leave me rotting
In my place

She saw me across the meadow,
Stopped me in my tracks
Stared me down
Asking
Am I a threat?
I broke the brush
Beneath me
And she scampered off
In fear

Picture me
Headed for the hills
Directly at them
Wings fully spread
Eyes convicting
Feathers
That gleam

Inhale
The sound
Of my whisper
Exhale
The part
That's a lie